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MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE IN SARDINIA.

THERE are few places in Europe so little known as the island of Sardinia, and very few where the manners and customs—many of Oriental origin—are more singular or more interesting.

The island has alternately been under the dominion of many distinct and very different nations, and thus the remnant of many an ancient usage is still retained, while modern improvement has as yet effected little or nothing. The first thing which strikes the stranger landing on these shores is, the wild, half-savage, but highly picturesque appearance of the inhabitants; their vivid and eager gesticulations, flashing eyes, and endless variety of costume, as each calling has its distinctive dress, each village its peculiarity. The manner in which some of the men wear their hair, long, platted, and wound round the outside of the red woollen fez, has a very singular appearance, and is of very ancient origin, as the idols found in various parts of the island with the same kind of headgear, and dating from remote antiquity, sufficiently testify. There is something Oriental, too, in the wide white cotton drawers descending from the short, full kilt, fastened by the neatly fitting gaiter. The costumes of the women somewhat resemble the best peasant-dresses of Italy; but they are richer, and there is a greater display of ornament. The Sardis are fond of dress, and will submit to considerable privation in order to possess a complete and handsome suit in which to appear on festa-days, which are of frequent recurrence in their country. It is a great matter of pride to them to have the buttons of their vests and the filigree studs of their shirts of pure gold, and they will live on poor fare to accomplish this.

'Look!' said a villager one day to a friend of mine—'look at that fat fellow; he eats up all his living like a dog. As for me, I lived on bread and wild-fruit until I obtained my complete costume; that fellow has only his everyday one, for festas and all: my buttons and studs, too, are all gold.' I may add, that the jovial possessor of the everyday-dress rather inclined one to his mode of living.

The Sardis are an intelligent people, quick, lively when excited, excessively hospitable to strangers; but, on the other hand, fearfully ferocious when actuated by motives of jealousy and revenge. So dreadful, indeed, is their thirst for revenge, that many is the dark tale which stains the annals of their beautiful island. But it is not now my intention to dwell on the darker side of Sard character: I have spent a bright portion of my life among them; I love them,

and would beg my readers to bear with me while I draw a few pictures of their life. I will begin where the novelist usually ends—with a betrothal.

My readers must imagine themselves in a room of good dimensions. The walls, originally whitewashed, are thickly ornamented with small pictures of saints; rosaries and relics depend from nails here and there; small looking-glasses, in coarse gilt frames, are placed over some chests for containing clothes, on the tops of which are placed sundry grotesque ornaments and gourds of singular shapes. A bed—which in that country is only used by the heads of families or by guests—occupies one corner of the apartment, and on it are placed various articles of female gala attire. Two or three young girls, dressed as for some fête, examine closely each article.

At a little distance from this group, sits the young spousa, half blushing, half trembling, and altogether smiling, before one of the mirrors, at which she is taking furtive and perhaps approving glances. One of her young companions has just folded her jet black glossy hair round her well-formed head; and, with an arch and merry smile and bantering jest, adjusts the numberless ornaments which decorate the costume of a Sard peasant in easy circumstances. First one and then another of the gay garments are handed by the other young damsels from the bed, and adjusted to the graceful form of the young spousa. The snowy folds of the chemise are secured by huge gold filigree studs, which receive abundant comment and admiration *en passant*.

'Truly, Efsia, the saints smile on thee,' says one black-eyed maiden with a sigh, as she hands the last wrist-stud.

'Pazienza Rosa mia,' cries another; 'thy own nozze are fast approaching.'

'Bah! bah! Giovanna; thou art too bad. I did but admire Efsia's beautiful wedding-gear: mine will never be half so handsome, nor thine neither, for that matter; for Paolo the shepherd is far richer than thy father, and so is her sposo Lorenzo. Per Bacco, he is rich!'

'Basta!' coolly replies the graver Giovanna, as she proceeds with Efsia's toilet; 'give me the cadennazu and zitto. Hush thy nonsense!'

The cadennazu, or small casket containing some amulet, hangs from a chain, which also fastens the richly brocaded and thickly fluted apron. And now Efsia's toilet is complete. The brocade corset, the rich petticoat, are placed to admiration; the delicate throat is encircled many times by a chain of pure gold; the small bronzed fingers are absolutely laden with rings of coarse but solid manufacture, and of pure gold, set with amethysts or topazes. 'How pretty she

looks!' they whisper to one another as they re-arrange each fold. 'Per Cielo! Efisia is a pretty girl—quite the bella of our village;' and each one lovingly embraces the young spousa, as a reward for their labours, ere they present her to her family and friends assembled in the large general apartment adjoining.

But this I must describe: it is a large dingy room, in one corner of which a very small donkey is patiently performing his daily task. He is grinding corn for the family by means of a singularly primitive mill, composed of two large circular stones, the very simple machinery of which he, poor little animal, spends his life in turning; and the docile *molentu* is the household drudge of every poor Sard family. But now it is evening, and a small urchin, scarcely more civilised than the donkey, with elf-locks, and barely covered with scanty clothing, is about to release his friend the *molentu*, and turn him into a small walled court before the door. Gourds and *botarga* (the dried roes of the tunny-fish and mullet) festoon the ceiling; guns, knives, and a species of lance, are placed about the extreme corners of the room. In the centre, some huge logs are burning; they are so large that one can scarcely close the door; and the smoke issues as best it may from that and the unglazed window. Some fowls are standing with their heads under their wings, perched on one leg, comfortably dozing beside the fire, evidently on familiar terms with the juveniles of the family. Near the fire, the family are grouped. The father is a shepherd: this is denoted by the shaggy black sheep-skin which forms his outer garment, and which is worn loosely and without sleeves, like an outer waistcoat. He is of some wealth too, for there is a richness about his dress which stamps him for a wealthy man of the Campidano, or south district of the island. His long black beard gives him a ferocious look, and the dagger in his girdle does not tend to diminish that impression; but there is a kindly expression in his large brilliant eyes, and a smile about the mouth, which re-assures one; and now, at anyrate, every kindly feeling is in full play. A stout matron sits beside him: she also is in full holiday attire. One can see that she is the mother of the bright Efisia. Her good-natured comely face, on which time is softly and gently telling, is lighted up by the soft black eyes so general in her land. She is picking corn for the *molentu* to grind on the morrow; and as she shakes the large sieve round and round, she chatters to her husband, and her teeth glitter like ivory. The door opens, and the fair Efisia comes blushing forth. Away go the sieves into an angle of the room, and a corner of the bright apron is raised to brush away a tear, which perhaps the recollection of her own *cujugu*, or betrothal, has called there.

'Oh, mia cara,' ejaculates the fond matron, 'may the saints watch over thee! Via Michelotto, make haste; put out the *molentu*, and shut the door.' This is done; for the shades of evening are closing over the bright scenery beyond the door, and sunset is deemed unhealthy in Sardinia. They group around the logs and try to beguile the time; they are evidently waiting for some one. Presently, a low tap is heard: the father gives a look of encouragement to his daughter. 'Courage, my Efisia—courage!' and he rises to attend the summons.

'Who is there?'

'Friends,' is the reply.

'What do they want?'

'We seek a stray lamb, and have come in search of it,' is the figurative response.

'Do my friends desire to see if it has strayed into my fold?' asks the father, partly opening the door.

The intended bridegroom gently pushes the door, and enters, accompanied only by a few chosen friends. The father then courteously bows, and introduces the various members of his family one by one, and asking

with much ceremony the question: 'Is this the lamb you have lost?' A shake of the head is the negative reply. At last the spousa is presented: the bridegroom starts, runs forward, kisses her hand: 'This is the lost lamb!' He is rejoiced to have found the beautiful lamb he sought for. The father is pleased, pats the lover on the back, calls him a brave lad. The lover protests he will take care of the sweet lamb and soon conduct it to his fold.

'Ah, sa Lorenzo! I believe thee,' half sobs the soft-hearted mother.

'Bah! Teresa—do not weep. Hast thou the rosario which thou hast prepared for Efisia's gift?' exclaims the father. 'Thy bird will be well with so true and gallant a lover, Teresina. She is well paired; so dry thine eyes, old girl.' Meanwhile the lover has placed one more ring on to the already laden fingers of the young spousa, and thus the *segnati*, or presents, are exchanged.

And now a clamour of voices succeeds: the friends or sponsors of the young man are arranging with the father regarding the *dote*, or dowry, of the future bride, and the means of the bridegroom. Earnest and flashing are the glances, noisy the raised voices, and, beyond conception, vehement the gestures. Above the buzz are heard straggling sentences, such as, 'Bah, bah! Messer Lorenzo,' and 'Bah! Messer Paolo;' with every now and then a deprecating whistle, accompanied by a meaning gesture, namely—shrugging shoulders, hands uplifted, and fingers spread. The boy Michelotto divulges a family secret regarding the poorness of a portion of land included in his sister's *dote*; he is summarily dragged forth, and a kick is administered, by way of a caution or a convincing argument. At length, all is settled, and the notary concludes the business; the contract is then signed, and, after another embrace, the young couple separate: and thus the *cujugu* is concluded.

And now we will suppose an interval to have elapsed, and the wedding-time approaches. It is, in fact, the week before that fixed on for the nuptials; the bans have been twice published, and the following week they are to be indissolubly united. We must imagine a bright and lovely morning; the season, spring; the sun shines with a bright effulgence; the large cactus-hedges, which enclose the vineyards, and grow to an enormous height, in part shut out the exquisite scenery; and along a path thus enclosed, a procession winds along. Here, again, we see our friends of the *cujugu*; here are Paolo and Teresa, Lorenzo, Efisia, and all their friends, in full gala attire, riding on horseback, the women sitting on a sort of pad; the mane of each horse well bedecked with ribbons and gewgaws. Michelotto is driving a rough and primitive bullock-wagon, laden with the simple but perfectly new furniture intended for the bride's new residence. Another follows, likewise laden, driven by the brother of the bridegroom. Each person conveys something, however trifling; and to the merry but monotonous sounds of the *launedda*—a kind of flute—they wend their way to the future abode of the young couple. The gay Rosa conveys a looking-glass, an object of some ambition in these rustic households; the graver Giovanna, a picture of St Efisia, the patron-saint of her friend; another, a rosary of massive form; the mother, a few articles of rich costume. Beyond, another bullock-wagon slowly advances; it is laden with oil, wine, pollenta, macaroni, flour, &c.; and the procession is closed by other performers on the *launedda*. It is an inspiring scene; the slender-limbed Sard horses—of Arab origin and careful breeding—curvet and caracole, for they are enchanted by the mirth and laughter, and, above all, by the sounds of the beloved *launedda*, and evidently sympathise with their owners. One would say they were aware of the occasion. The very bullocks, with oranges stuck on their horns, and ribbons

on their tails, seem aware of it; and as the procession wends along, it very visibly increases; the *via-andanti*, or wayfarers, swell the train, and the young urchins of surrounding hamlets make a gay mob behind.

They have long left Siliqua, the residence of the bride; their path leads along a country teeming with the rich gifts of nature; the mountains are clothed with myrtles, arbutus, lentiscus, and sweet-scented herbs and lovely flowers; the plains abound in olive-grounds, vineyards, gardens. It is a sort of terrestrial paradise, this Campidano. Presently, they reach a nice halting-place; they alight; the rustic owner of the small possession, as it is called, is delighted to afford shelter from the noontide sun for an hour or two, as the distance is great. He says he considers it a true piece of fortune for him that it is so, for he derives great pleasure and satisfaction in accommodating them; and he is really pleased, for he is a merry, hospitable Sard, and it is his nature to be delighted in receiving strangers. He fastens up the horses; he shouts to his young sons and daughters: they pour forth; the girls put down the spindle and distaff, or corn-sieves, as the case may be, and run to salute the young stranger-bride. They accommodate her with their best, help the party to arrange the food contained in the saddle-bags, and add perhaps of their own; and thus joyously speed the two hours. One would say they had always known and loved each other. The gay song and merry laugh are not wanting. The little molentu continues his work in the corner, grinding his corn; and the women take up their distaffs and sieves, for they can work and chat too. But soon, again, all are in movement; for they have two hours' more journey to perform, and that over most dreadful mountain-paths, such as Englishwomen would quite shudder at. Again the procession moves off, and at length arrives at the comfortable possession, or farm, of the young suitor.

And now another week has passed, and the day has arrived when the gentle Efisia is to become a wife. There is a large company assembled. See her bending her graceful head to receive the benediction in that rustic village-church; the kind old priest, too, has a tear in his eye, for he baptised her; and when she was ill, he went to speak words of comfort to her. He names her his daughter, and thinks of her as such. She was truly a lamb of his fold, and he a faithful pastor. Poor old man! his knowledge of the world is limited to his little village, and one or two adjoining it, perhaps; but his heart is large, and full of kindly feeling; he has devoted his time to, and shared his loaf with the widow and the afflicted.

And now the tearfully smiling Efisia is a wedded wife, and is seated by her spouse at her father's board. There is but one plate, one spoon, one drinking-cup that day, for they must share the contents of one plate, as hereafter they share one fortune; and this affords some merriment. The merry Rosa blushes as her sposo or betrothed, Domenico, whisperingly wishes he had the same privilege; and the quiet grave Giovanna does not seem altogether indifferent to the glances of a certain youth seated not far from her; and the old Padre Stefano is very merry, and the wine has made him unusually facetious. He wishes he had another wedding to-morrow: the *cujugnu*, at least, has been long enough, he thinks. He prefers a shorter *cujugnu*, as it happened in Efisia's case. 'Ah!' cries Domenico, he wishes it too, and soon, he hopes, he shall be rich enough; he wishes he had been as fortunate as his friend Lorenzo: but his dove will not fly, he adds, in the usual figurative mode of expression.

And again the cavalcade is in motion; this time to conduct the wife to her home. They can go quicker now, because the heavy bullock-carts are no longer required; so they will not need to halt. Thus festive and gay, almost past belief, is the scene, for the bright

dresses are so varied and so strikingly picturesque, so singularly antique and so peculiar. There is the rich butcher, with his leather-dress so exquisitely tanned, so admirably adapted to his figure—he has come from Cagliari to do honour to the nozze as a relative. His dress is really a wonder of itself, with the large full cotton-drawers about the knee, and tight well-made gaiter, for these last-mentioned articles never fail; with the embroidered white leather garter, secured by silver buckles below the knee; and large gold studs, to fasten the full shirt round the neck and round the wrists. The *cacciatore*, or huntsman, with his gun and wild dress — But we will not detain our readers with long descriptions, which are always tedious: suffice it to say, that everything is gay, and full of novelty for the more sober north. And so they wend along. The bride's horse is led by a youth on foot, by the side of her newly married husband; the young women, her friends, follow her close behind, each accompanied by a lover or a brother, as the case may be.

At length pistols are fired, shouts raised—they have arrived at their dwelling. The mother and father of the young bridegroom, with other matrons and friends, are assembled in high gala attire before the door, the posts of which are gaily decorated and encircled with fresh garlands. The mother holds a large dish in her hand, and, as her fair daughter-in-law approaches, she sprinkles some of the contents high in the air and about the threshold, ere her foot has crossed it. It is wheat mingled with salt—emblems of hospitality and plenty—perhaps, too, it contains a still more significant symbol of a life to come: it is a beautiful idea and a beautiful custom. She accompanies it, too, with many a beautiful figure of speech: 'The bird may rest in the abode prepared for her; she will be the light of her home. May peace and plenty be within her gate; and blessings pour on her, as the corn which falls at her feet.'

A banquet now attends her. Kids and sucking-pigs have been roasted whole; perhaps, indeed, the kid was placed inside a sheep, and a small bird in its turn inside that, and the whole ingeniously roasted upon myrtle branches in a hole in the ground, with red embers on all sides—for such curious things are done in Sardinia. But we will leave our happy Efisia for a time in her own dwelling, surrounded by her own friends, again to eat out of one plate with her husband; and finish, perhaps, with a gay dance, after the solemn banquet: and now we will say *addio*.

SECRETS OF THE PERFUMES.

WHILE some people pique themselves on the enlightenment of the present age, the age peculiarly their own, others—sulky old grumblers—point, with a dissatisfied 'humph!' to the position, both moral and physical, in which great masses of the people live, and to the notorious fact that many of the nations of Europe are at this moment zealously employed in cutting one another's throats in thousands and tens of thousands. Much, in fact, may be said on both sides of the question; but, if we take enlightenment in its more literal sense, or even if we merely bring it down a peg, and understand it as something midway between Price's candles and intellectual illumination, there cannot be a dissentient voice upon the subject. The present is the most enlightened age the world has ever seen. Were it not that many of us are blind, and a greater number purblind, we should live in a perfect blaze of light. The quacks need no longer try to make a mystery of their nostrums: the ingredients, worthless or absurd, of every one of these are known, and the knowledge scattered broad-cast throughout the country; and so the worthy gentlemen have only to console themselves with the idea that they do not sell an ounce the less on that account, that the enlightened people gobble up their

filth as eagerly as ever. As for secret processes of any kind, there is no such thing; the sort of illumination we are talking of penetrates everywhere; and if even the witches of Macbeth were in our day caught at their deed without a name, the sudden blaze thrown upon the caldron and its composition would make them take to their broomsticks in astonishment and alarm.

Among the most curious revelations latterly made, is an analysis of the *Perfumes*.^{*} These ethereal luxuries, no matter by what awful names they are called, are exposed, one by one, to the sight, as it were, of the public, and their component parts numbered and proportioned. They are usually obtained from flowers, and Mr Piesse remarks, that 'the extensive flower-farms in the neighbourhood of Nice, Grasse, Montpellier, and Cannes, in France, at Adrianople (Turkey in Europe), at Broussa and Usak (Turkey in Asia), and at Mitcham, in England, in a measure indicate the commercial importance of that branch of chemistry called perfumery'—an importance which will be more readily understood when it is stated, that 'one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 pounds of orange-flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia-flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 pounds of violets, 20,000 pounds of tuberose, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.' There are four modes of obtaining the perfumes from plants—namely, expression, distillation, maceration, and absorption. In maceration, the flowers are put for a certain time into melted deer or mutton fat, which, in consequence of a natural affinity, draws forth the perfume, the fat thus becoming pomade. When olive-oil or ben-oil is used instead of suet, the result is 'huile antique' of such a flower. Our author gives minute directions for all the various processes; and to him we refer, confining ourselves to such scraps of information as will be interesting or amusing to the mass of our readers.

When mentioning bergamot (from the *Citrus bergamia*), Mr Piesse tells us it should be preserved in well-stoppered bottles, and kept in a cool dark cellar; light, especially direct sunshine, deteriorating all perfumes excepting rose. The labour of collecting the exquisite odour of the sweet-brier is so costly, that an imitation is palmed upon the public instead, composed of French rose-pomatum, cassia, fleur d'orange, verbenia, &c.—surely an excellent perfume in itself. The extract of heliotrope is in the same category: there is no heliotrope in it, but it is nevertheless a very nice perfume. Neither is honeysuckle used as a perfume, but it is well imitated. Jasmine, on the other hand, is much prized by the perfumer. 'When the flowers of the *Jasminum odoratissimum* are distilled, repeatedly using the water of distillation over fresh flowers, the essential oil of jasmine may be procured. It is, however, exceedingly rare, on account of the enormous cost of production. There was a fine sample of six ounces exhibited in the Tunisian department of the Crystal Palace, the price of which was L.9 the fluid ounce! The plant is the Yasmyn of the Arabs, from which our name is derived.' Of lavender, our author says: 'The climate of England appears to be better adapted for the perfect development of this fine old favourite perfume than any other on the globe. "The ancients," says Burnett, "employed the flowers and the leaves to aromatise their baths, and to give a sweet scent to water in which they washed; hence the generic name of the plant, *Lavandula*." Lavender is grown to an enormous extent at Mitcham, in Surrey, which is the seat of its production in a commercial point of view.

^{*} *The Art of Perfumery, and the Methods of obtaining the Odours of Plants; with Instructions for the Manufacture of Perfumes for the Handkerchief, Scented Powders, Odorous Vinegars, Dentifrices, Pomatums, Cosmetics, Perfumed Soap, &c.* By G. W. Septimus Piesse, Analytical Chemist. London: Longman. 1855.

Very large quantities are also grown in France; but the fine odour of the British produce realises in the market four times the price of that of continental growth. Burnett says that the oil of *Lavandula spica* is more pleasant than that derived from the other species; but this statement must not mislead the purchaser to buy the French spike lavender, as it is not worth a tenth of that derived from the *Lavandula vera*. Half a hundredweight of good lavender-flowers yield, by distillation, from fourteen to sixteen ounces of essential oil. All the inferior descriptions of oil of lavender are used for perfuming soaps and greases; but the best—that obtained from the Mitcham lavender—is entirely used in the manufacture of what is called lavender-water, but which more properly should be called essence or extract of lavender, to be in keeping with the nomenclature of other essences prepared with spirit.

Lily of the Valley is a delightful perfume; but there is no such thing as lily of the valley in it. Rosemary plays an important part in Eau de Cologne, and is the principal ingredient in Hungarian Water. In both these compositions it is the refreshing and invigorating element. The perfume we call Verbena, everybody knows, is delicious; but verbenia is not one of its ingredients, the distilled spirit of the plant being too expensive for the manufacturing perfumer. The essence of violets is rarely genuine, but from a different cause: the demand for it is so enormous, that the trade is as yet unable to keep pace with it. 'Real violet is, however, sold by many of the retail perfumers of the west end of London, but at a price that prohibits its use except by the affluent or extravagant votaries of fashion. The violet-farms from whence the flowers are procured to make this perfume are very extensive at Nice and Grasse; also in the neighbourhood of Florence.' The wall-flower, singular to say, is not used in perfumery, although an excellent imitation of it is popular.

On coming to the perfumes derived from animals, our author has a curious remark: 'In its pure state, civet has, to nearly all persons, a most disgusting odour; but when diluted to an infinitesimal portion, its perfume is agreeable. It is difficult to ascertain the reason why the same substance, modified only by the quantity of matter presented to the nose, should produce an opposite effect on the olfactory nerve; but such is the case with nearly all odorous bodies, especially with otos, which, if smelled at, are far from agreeable, and in some cases positively nasty—such as otto of neroly, otto of thyme, otto of patchouly; but if diluted with a thousand times its volume of oil, spirit, &c., then their fragrance is delightful.'

Here is the composition of the best quality of Eau de Cologne: 'Spirit (from grape), 60 overproof, 6 gallons; otto of neroly, *Petale*, 3 ounces; otto of neroly, *Biggarade*, 1 ounce; otto of rosemary, 2 ounces; otto of orange-peel, 5 ounces; otto of citron-peel, 5 ounces; otto of bergamot-peel, 2 ounces.' The second quality, still a very good perfume, is made of corn instead of grape spirit; on which is this remark: 'To speak of the "purity" of French spirit, or of the "impurity" of English spirit, is equally absurd. The fact is, that spirit derived from grapes, and spirit obtained from corn, have each so distinct and characteristic an aroma, that the one cannot be mistaken for the other. The odour of grape spirit is said to be due to the æanthic ether which it contains. The English spirit, on the other hand, owes its odour to fusel-oil. So powerful is the æanthic ether in the French spirit, that notwithstanding the addition to it of such intensely odoriferous substances as the otos of neroly, rosemary, and others, it still gives a characteristic perfume to the products made containing it; and hence the difficulty of preparing Eau de Cologne with any spirit destitute of this substance.' The difference between the French and

English perfumes is owing to the difference in the spirit employed. The strong bouquet of brandy is favourable in some cases, but in others, the less obtrusive corn spirit is better. For instance: 'Musk, ambergris, civet, violet, tubereuse, and jasmine, if we require to retain their true aroma when in solution in alcohol, must be made with the British spirit.' The famous perfume Rondeletia owes its peculiarity to the mixture of lavender and cloves; and of Spring Flowers we are told: 'The just reputation of this perfume places it in the first rank of the very best mixtures that have ever been made by any manufacturing perfumer. Its odour is truly flowery, but peculiar to itself. Being unlike any other aroma, it cannot well be imitated, chiefly because there is nothing that we are acquainted with that at all resembles the odour of the esprit de rose, as derived from macerating rose-pomade in spirit, to which, and to the extract of violet, nicely counterpoised, so that neither odour predominates, the peculiar character of spring flowers is due; the little ambergris that is present gives permanence to the odour upon the handkerchief, although, from the very nature of the ingredients, it may be said to be a fleeting odour.'

It may seem remarkable that the odour of any particular flower should be imitated to absolute perfection by a combination of other flowers; and we should be glad if our author had explained his sentiments on this point, instead of merely hinting at some mystical relationship between the odours. Scents, he tells us, like sounds, appear to influence the olfactory nerve in certain definite degrees; and as there is an octave of colours like an octave in music, so certain odours coincide like the keys of an instrument. For instance, 'almond, ketchup, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression; and so, in like manner, 'citron, lemon, orange-peel, and verbena, forming a higher octave of smells.' The analogy between music and perfume is completed by what may be called the semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note. This, it must be owned, is but a meagre attempt at the æsthetics of smells; but it opens the subject, and we hope soon to hear more about it. The idea, it must be admitted, is at least an elegant one; and we do not see that it should be considered specially fanciful, since we know that music depends upon a fixed mathematical law, not invented by man, but existing in nature. Nature is not a prodigal in her operations—she is no waster of power: the better she is understood, the more simple she appears; and there is nothing, therefore, contrary to sound reason in the idea, that the whole of the pleasures of sense will be found to depend upon cognate laws.

Another thing worthy of remark is this: 'The odour of some flowers resembles others so nearly, that we are almost induced to believe them to be the same thing, or, at least, if not evolved from the plant as such, to become so by the action of the air-oxidation. It is known that some actually are identical in composition, although produced from totally different plants, such as camphor, turpentine, rosemary. Hence, we may presume that chemistry will sooner or later produce one from the other, for with many it is merely an atom of water or an atom of oxygen that causes the difference. It would be a grand thing to produce otto of roses from oil of rosemary, or from the rose geranium oil; and theory indicates its possibility. The essential oil of almonds in a bottle that contains a good deal of air-oxygen, and but a very little of the oil, spontaneously passes into another odoriferous body, benzoic acid, which is seen in crystals to form over the dry parts of the flask.'

Mr Piesse illustrates his notions regarding the relationship of odours by the recipe for imitating the essence of sweet-pea, which is this: 'Extract of tubereuse, extract of fleur d'orange, extract of rose from

pomatum— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint each; and extract of vanilla, 1 ounce.' This composition is formed with the idea that the odour of sweet-pea resembles that of orange-blossom, and the imitation is brought still nearer by the addition of the rose and tubereuse. 'The vanilla is used merely to give permanence to the scent on the handkerchief, and this latter body is chosen in preference to extract of musk or ambergris, which would answer the same purpose of giving permanence to the more volatile ingredients; because the vanilla strikes the same key of the olfactory nerve as the orange-blossom, and thus no new idea of a different scent is brought about as the perfume dies off from the handkerchief. When perfumes are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes "sickly" or "faint" after they have been on the handkerchief a short time.'

We have now opened, we think, by this little bit of philosophy, a very interesting and elegant subject of inquiry for our fair readers, and raised the toilet-table to something like the dignity of the library table. A perfume to them will now convey an intellectual as well as a sensuous pleasure; and perhaps they may be even brought to listen to the counsel of Mr Piesse, and educate that feature which, even in its present state of ignorance, and by whatever name it may be described—Grecian, Roman, or retronoussé—is so important to the character of their physiognomy. 'Many persons,' says our author, 'will at first consider that we are asking too much, when we express a desire to have the same deference paid to the olfactory nerve as to the other nerves that influence our physical pleasures and pains. By tutoring the olfactory nerve, it is capable of perceiving matter in the atmosphere of the most subtle nature: not only that which is pleasant, but also such as are unhealthful. If an unpleasant odour is a warning to seek a purer atmosphere, surely it is worth while to cultivate that power which enables us to act up to that warning for the general benefit of health.'

We must now advert, in a few words, to some of the other contents of this entertaining volume. Cold Cream, for which England is famous all over Europe, is prepared in a complicated way, although the ingredients are few. Rose Cold Cream, for instance, is composed of 'almond-oil, 1 pound; rose-water, 1 pound; white wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; and otto of roses, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.' Of Pomade Divine, we are told: 'Among the thousand-and-one quack nostrums, pomade divine, like James's powder, has obtained a reputation far above the most sanguine expectations of its concoctors. This article strictly belongs to the druggist, being sold as a remedial agent; nevertheless, what is sold is almost always vended by the perfumer. It is prepared thus: spermaceti, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; almond-oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; gum benzoin, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; and vanilla beans, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.' Pomatum appears to be the ointment of the Bible, and may be thus prepared: 'If an apple be stuck all over with spice, such as cloves, then exposed to the air for a few days, and afterwards macerated in purified melted lard, or any other fatty matter, the grease will become perfumed. Repeating the operation with the same grease several times, produces real pomatum.' Bears' Grease, we are sorry to say, has no contribution from Bruin. This seems hardly credible; for we have ourselves repeatedly seen perfumers' shops turned into small gentel butcheries, adorned with the carcass of the animal. Can it be that these creatures are slaughtered for the sake of mere make-believe?—that they fall victims, like Absalom, to the luxuriance of their hair, and the mistaken envy of the bald-headed gentlemen looking in at the window? It is hard to believe this, yet here is Mr Piesse's recipe for bears' grease: 'Huile de rose, huile de fleur d'orange, huile d'acacia, huile de tubereuse and jasmine—of each half a pound; almond-oil,

10 pounds; lard, 12 pounds; acacia pomade, 2 pounds; otto of bergamot, 4 ounces; and otto of cloves, 2 ounces.' The pomatum sold as marrow, is merely perfumed lard and suet.

We have only a single depilatory, and even that one our author seems to give with reluctance, for he rather sneers at the taste of our countrywomen, who regard as detrimental to beauty such 'physical indications of good health and vital stamina' as hairs upon the arms and back of the neck, and moustaches upon the upper lip. The composition is: 'Best lime slaked, 3 pounds; and orpiment, in powder, half a pound. Mix the depilatory powder with enough water to render it of a creamy consistency; lay it upon the hair for about five minutes, or until its caustic action upon the skin renders it necessary to be removed; a similar process to shaving is then to be gone through, but instead of using a razor, operate with an ivory or bone paper-knife; then wash the part with plenty of water, and apply a little cold cream.'

We are now introduced to a cosmetic, which, we confess, we did not before consider so important. It is the absorbent powder. 'A lady's toilet-table is incomplete without a box of some absorbent powder; indeed, from our earliest infancy, powder is used for drying the skin with the greatest benefit: no wonder that its use is continued in advanced years, if, by slight modifications in its composition, it can be employed not only as an absorbent, but as a means of personal adornment. We are quite within limits in stating that many toneweights of such powders are used in this country annually. They are principally composed of various starches, prepared from wheat, potatoes, and various nuts, mixed more or less with powdered talc—of Haüy, steatite (soap-stone), French chalk, oxide of bismuth, and oxide of zinc, &c. The most popular is what is termed Violet Powder: wheat-starch, 12 pounds; orris-root powder, 2 pounds; otto of lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; otto of bergamot, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; and otto of cloves, 2 drachms. Rose Face-powder: wheat-starch, 7 pounds; rose pink, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; otto of rose, 2 drachms; and otto of santal, 2 drachms.' In the different rouges, carmine plays an important part, and it is a preparation with which four or five manufacturers supply the whole of Europe. Its composition is known by analysis; but there is required a nicety in the manipulation which narrows the field of manufacture.

There are various preparations for the teeth given, but these are withheld, for we have one of our own worth all the rest put together. Let our fair readers, instead of tooth-powder, use common soap, and they will have no need of a dentist all their lives after. We have only to add, that although, in speaking of some of the perfumes mentioned above, we have given the proportions of ingredients used by manufacturers, the manipulation is of equal importance; and for that we refer those who are fond of experiments to the book itself.

THE NEW CATTLE-MARKET OF LONDON.

For the last six months, and something more, old Smithfield, with its seven acres of stalls, sties, and sheep-pens, which have been so long an abomination in the eyes of living Londoners, has surrendered its uproarious existence, and subsided into a dry dull desert, cheerless and voiceless. That border-land of taprooms and toppers, of early breakfast-houses and drowsy drovers, of harness-makers, whip-makers, sack-makers, and dealers in smock-frocks and wide-awakes, and plushy red waistcoats, and boots and Bluchers an inch thick in the sole, and studded with a pound or two of iron—that archipelago of snug trading islets in a sea of mud, which begirt the over-crammed mart—has

suffered a change almost amounting to dissolution, and is about to vanish in toto, like the morning mist at the rising of the sun. Bluff old Smithfield has walked off bodily to a country-seat in the suburbs, and has squatted himself down for a perpetuity in what but a few short summers ago was pleasant Copenhagen Fields. There, where cricketers held holiday, and pitched their milk-white tents in the sun—where once poor Hazlitt was wont to resort, to liquidate his stagnant bile with a game at rackets—where nursemaids dandled their babies, and boys flew their kites, and Cockney sportsmen made their first essays with gunpowder—there the green grass turf has given place to a floor of solid granite—the waving elms that overshadowed the white walls of the rustic inn are supplanted by a forest of stumpy sheep-pens—and monster-hotels, and long and lofty sheds, and a tall central clock-tower, rising in the midst of a low polygon-shaped mass of buildings, proclaim the new habitat of the London Cattle-market.

The new market occupies, if we may trust to such measurement as we can make with the eye, about twenty acres of ground, and is therefore about three times as large as old Smithfield; but the corporation, whose property it is, have secured land enough almost to double its present extent; and to whatever objections it may be open, want of space, for centuries to come, is not likely to be one of them. It is bounded on the north by the open fields towards Highgate; on the south, by a rapidly rising suburb lying between Islington and Camden Town; on the east, by the Caledonian Road, in which stands the Model Prison of Pentonville; and on the west, by Maiden Lane, which is undergoing a transformation into 'The York Road.' It is evident at a glance at the new undertaking, that the two things which have been especially studied in carrying it out are—convenience and permanence. To obtain these ends, the most lavish expense has been incurred. The whole of the soil was burned to the depth of several feet into a mass of red brick ballast before the building operations commenced; and we shall not readily forget the wild, savage, and fearful scene which the whole district presented, when it was studded with a hundred flaming and smoking volcanoes while this preliminary process was going on. On this fire-baked scorin was laid the granite pavement, and into that were deeply imbedded the iron pillars that form the rails and pens, the horizontal bars alone being of kyanized oak. The stone-work throughout is of corresponding mass and strength; and the same may be said of the brick buildings within the walls, which serve as hotels and public-houses, and which are leased to the old landlords of Smithfield. The market is crossed by a broad carriage-road, running east and west. The ground to the north of this road is alone devoted to the sale of cattle and sheep—that on the south being taken up with open sheds and lairs. Besides these, there are slaughter-houses, and the conveniences for a meat-market.

It is just about the glimmer of dawn, on a Monday morning late in October, when we approach the new Cattle-market, for the purpose of making a few observations on the mode in which the business is now conducted as compared with what it was in old Smithfield. The bleating, lowing, squeaking, the murmur of the market, pierces through the fog, and gives us note of its whereabouts at a quarter of a mile's distance, while yet the high buildings and the scaffolded tower

are buried from sight in the mist. We are soon, however, in the midst of the tumult, and find ourselves involuntarily congratulating both the beasts and their masters on the altered state of affairs. The first thing that strikes us is the superior accommodation for the oxen, and the utter impossibility that for long years to come such a cruel and disgraceful spectacle as a 'ring-drove' will annoy the visitor. The stalls for the oxen are ranged in long alleys, each bearing a number in legible characters; the alleys are of the width of an average mail-coach road, and they are entered from roads still wider. The beasts are tethered to the rails by the head on both sides of the alley, and between each row there is double the space left free for passengers. They low plaintively in answer to one another, but we hear none of that painful bellowing which used to distress us; and, better still, we miss that incessant sound of blows, which made such devilish music in the old market.

Proceeding northward, we come upon the sheep-pens, which we find not so well contrived in their space. They seem to differ very little from the old Smithfield pens; and many of them are shamefully crammed with sheep forced in by the dog and the goad, until some of them are literally unable to touch the ground, being borne up on the backs of others. We suspect, from what we can see, that this is owing to the penny-wise conduct of the man who has them in charge, and who prefers torturing the poor animals to disbursing the hire of an additional pen. In the old market, he would have huddled these unfortunates together as an 'off-drove' in a neighbouring street, and transferred them to the pens as fast as he made vacancies for them by the sale of others—a manoeuvre he cannot practise here. It ought to be a regulation of the market, that a sheep-pen should receive no more than it can humanely accommodate.

In the new market, the calves and the pigs, by a regulation in their favour, have the benefit of roomy pens, comfortably roofed in from the weather. On the basements of the pillars that support the roofs of the sheds, their portraits are cunningly sculptured—an honour which has not been awarded to the oxen and sheep. The swine have been the objects of further consideration, in that the flooring of their sties presents a steeply inclined plane—a plan of which the matrons among them with large families shew their decided approval by uniformly reclining at full length, with their noses at an elevation of some twenty degrees. Each sty is furnished with a grating covering a drain, a provision which goes far towards maintaining cleanliness. We find the swinish multitude on this occasion forming a very small minority, and, like most minorities, they are in violent opposition, and make more clamour than all the concurrences. Their example is not followed by the calves, which do not seem to know what to make of it, and await in silence the solution of the mystery.

Approaching the great polygon from which rises the tall clock-tower, we find it to consist of a circular group of offices and shops, in one central spot, devoted to the transaction of the business of the market. There are three offices for inquiry, belonging to the principal railway-companies; there is the electric-telegraph office, in communication with all parts of the kingdom; there are no less than six banks for the payment of moneys and the settlement of accounts; there is a shop for the sale of cattle medicines and drugs, and another for the sale of all articles for which there is likely to be a demand in the market; such

as rugs, wrappers, horsecloths, over-coats, leggings, spatterdashes, brogues, fleams, knives, and reddle and colouring-matter for the marking of sheep. In the midst of all these various marts, there is the office of the clerk of the market, who is the authority on the spot for consultation or appeal in all matters where the interest of the corporation is concerned, and who has the whole business, in a manner, under his control. For the satisfaction of the lieges, he exhibits on a board, at the entrance of his office, a notification of the state of the market from time to time. The state of the poll, as we pass by, happens to be as follows:—beasts, 5367; sheep, 27,485—by which we know that to-day's market is considerably above the average, and that we need not therefore look for an immediate rise in the prices of beef and mutton.

A considerable influx of butchers' carts and traps has taken place while we have been making our rounds; they are ranged by hundreds in the hotel-yards, and their owners are doing business among the stalls and pens with a characteristic paucity of words and despatch of bargains. The beasts are coming in for a liberal allowance of punching and knuckling; and the sheep, invaded in their pens, submit to similar manipulation. When a butcher buys a beast—by which you are to understand an ox or a cow—he whips out a pair of scissors, and cuts his particular hieroglyph on the hide; when he buys a number of sheep, he has them marked with his signature or monogram by means of a ball of reddle. Some of these devices are exceedingly complicated, and cover the entire back of the animal, while others are a mere touch of the red mixture on a particular spot. Where so many thousands of sheep are sold in a few hours, it is expedient that they should be marked so as to be easily distinguished when claimed; and it would appear that the ingenuity of the buyers has been taxed to the utmost limit to effect this object. The pigs appear to be spared that familiar manipulation applied to their neighbours; it is thought enough to stir them up with a stout stick, or to trot them out of their sties and in again, to afford an opportunity for a fair view.

It is the law of the market that payments cannot be made from hand to hand between buyer and seller, but only through a market-banker. When a butcher has concluded his purchases, therefore, he repairs with the salesman to the office of one of the bankers, who makes out an account of the transaction, adding to it the market-tolls, the salesman's commission, and his own, or banker's commission. These items increase the cost of a beast to the purchaser by the sum of 4s. 4d., and that of a score of sheep by from 12s. to 15s. The banker's charge is moderate, being 8d. per beast, and 1s. 4d. per score of sheep. Ready-money is the order of the day; but the bankers occasionally make advances for the convenience of their customers.

When the butcher has settled his account, he receives an order for the delivery of the animals. He can give the order to his own man-servant, or can hand it over to one of the licensed drovers, of whom there are in London nearly 1000 connected with the market. The driver knows where to find the animals, and he knows, too, his employer's mark; and in a few minutes he will have the morning's purchase clear of the market and on its way to the abattoir in town.

For the convenience of butchers attending the market, there are omnibuses that run from the city at an early hour to one of the market-hotels, and there is a special carriage attached to the trains of the North London Railway, which stops at a station very near. There is no lack of inns and public-houses in the market itself; and in the immediate neighbourhood, on the north-western side, there is rapidly coming into being the same characteristic border-land of coffee-shops, eating-houses, beer-shops, and appropriate

trading-establishments, whose disappearance from the old site we have referred to above.

Thus far our survey of the new Cattle-market is in all respects satisfactory and *couleur de rose*; but it has now to be looked at from another point of view, whence we shall not find its aspect so pleasing. In the first place, the intolerable nuisance which formed the grand objection to old Smithfield—namely, the enormous amount of cattle-driving in the public ways—is not obviated by the new market. Butchers assert that the cattle-driving has increased; and, looking to the fact that large numbers of both oxen and sheep are driven through the city from the south, east, and west, to arrive at the market, and have to be driven back again after sale, their assertion is probably true. Of the foreign cattle, the major part are landed in the neighbourhood of the Westminster Docks, and have to traverse a crowded mass of narrow city-thoroughfares and suburban by-roads before they reach the market, lying nearly four miles off. Considerable numbers also come by way of Whitechapel from the south, traversing six or more miles of streets ere they reach the place of sale. The proportion of these that are again driven south and east after sale is the same as it used to be—with this difference, that they have twice as far to go. What is saved by the nearness of the market to those coming to town from the north, is but a partial compensation, because the drovers continue to patronise the old lairs—driving the animals into the suburbs on the Saturday, and retracing their steps to the market about midnight on the Sunday. In one respect, the driving-nuisance is ameliorated, inasmuch as the droves leaving the new market enter the city by more various and more commodious routes than those debouching into Smithfield, and are at once spread over a larger surface. The inhabitants of the quiet genteel districts which formerly lay out of the cattle-driving track, were at first indignant at the innovation; and not without reason. If a gentleman floriculturist left his gate open, or the early milkman, when he deposited his matutinal tin-can under the scraper, by virtue of an agreement with the drowsy housemaid, left it open for him, it happened more than once that he was awaked by the rush of a score or two of sheep into his green-house; or, on looking out of window to ascertain the cause of the tumult, beheld a grove of favourite fuchsias vanishing down the throats of a party of short-horns. Mrs Grundy flew into a passion and out of the neighbourhood; declaring that it was perfectly *preposterous* to attempt to force the poor dumb creatures to travel by a cross-route after they had been used to the main road, to her knowledge, for twenty years at least! Other people did the same; and there is no doubt that one effect of the opening of the new market has been the depreciation of a certain class of house-property in the channels leading to it, and the stoppage of a definite style of house-building in its near neighbourhood. It was anticipated, while the new market was in course of formation, that a considerable proportion at least of the animals there sold would have been taken no further; and convenient abattoirs were therefore erected, available at very moderate fees—and space was also allotted for a meat-market. That anticipation has proved all but a chimera. The reason is obvious: the dead weight of meat to be conveyed from Copenhagen Fields to the various parts of the city—some of it to a distance of seven miles and more—would hardly be less than 4000 tons weekly; and we cannot expect that, so long as this vast weight is allowed to walk through the city alive, the butchers will voluntarily incur the expense of its transport as inert matter. The only means of putting an end to cattle-driving in the streets would be by the peremptory interference of the legislature with a decree resembling that of Napoleon, who, nearly fifty years ago, forbade the appearance of a

single ox, sheep, or pig, in the streets of Paris under penalty of forfeiture. Such a law would probably necessitate the establishment of an additional new market on the southern side, and it would undoubtedly increase sensibly the price of meat to the consumer.

Another grand objection against old Smithfield was, the cruelty to which, in various ways, the poor animals were subjected. We have seen that some of these cruelties are not practised, or, indeed, practicable in the new market. Off-droves and ring-droves are abolished, and not likely to be resuscitated on an area which has already accommodations for 7000 beasts, 35,000 sheep, 1500 calves, and 1000 swine, and which is capable, if need arise, of doubling its accommodations. Yet we have seen the pens overloaded with sheep, and crammed to suffocation, and been outraged and disgusted by the unnecessary use of the goad in the hands of the drovers. The worst evil, however—and a cruel evil it is—is the want of water, of which the unfortunate sheep are mainly the victims. The beasts, after their long journey by road or rail, do get a little water at the lairs, and sometimes a wisp of hay; but the sheep get nothing. It is easy to see, as they pant along the road, that they are in a fever of thirst; and by the time they are driven into their Monday-morning pens, the majority of them are gasping for breath. Immense flocks of them neither taste grass nor water from the time they leave their pastures to the moment of their death—a period varying from two to four days. The barbarity of such treatment is disgracefully apparent; but the subject is full of difficulties, and the remedy not easy of invention or application.

Talking the matter over with a humane dealer, who has frequented the cattle-market for nearly thirty years, we urged as strongly as we could, on the score of humanity, the poor sheep's claim for water, and expressed our surprise that no provision was made for watering them in the market.

'I acknowledge that it is a bad and miserable thing,' he said; 'but what are you to do? They come to town in such a state of thirst, that we dare not let them drink. You can't take twenty or thirty thousand sheep, and hand them "glasses round," or as much as would quench their thirst and do them good. The only way to water them at all is to drive them to a pond; and if you do that, as sure as you are alive, they'll drink till they kill themselves. I've seen it tried. You can't get them away from the water; not with dogs, or sticks, or anything else—they'll drink and drink till they drop, but they won't come out. I tell you, I've seen it myself.'

We suggested the practicability of some contrivance by which a sufficient quantity of water might be turned into a shallow basin, and allowed to be drained dry by a certain number at a time.

He allowed that such a thing might be done, but shook his head significantly, and changed the subject. We cannot believe but that measures might be taken to avoid the perpetration of such barbarity as our friend's statement of the matter points out. It seems to us that the graziers and breeders would but forward their own interest in devising the means of sending their animals to market in healthy and comfortable condition. It has been stated that a loss of not less than ten per cent. is suffered by the owners of sheep as a consequence of the condition in which the average of them arrive at the market. Surely that is more than a sufficient amount to pay for reasonable care in their transport, and the supply of such food and water by the route as would prevent at once their sufferings and their decrease in value. But the proprietors of the animals must look to this business themselves, and not delegate it to the drovers, whom long habit has reconciled to the old state of things.

We have only to mention, in conclusion, that the horse-dealing is confined to the Friday's market; that

the hay-market is still carried on in old Smithfield; and that the commission on the sale of all animals is a trifle heavier in the new market than it was in the old.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

'WELL,' soliloquised François, as he brushed the coat of his master, M. Bonneau, an official in the bureau of finance, 'if it were not that I don't like to vex a kind master, I would gladly change his service for that of Monsieur Biliard, on the first floor. That's a pleasant man to live with—a dramatic author! He has so many distinguished visitors; and then one could go to the play gratis; while here, I'm like a porter to the whole concern. I have to answer inquiries for Monsieur Dugrinet, the captain, on the second floor; I have to run for the doctor for the grandmother of Monsieur Victor, the painter, on the third; or carry a note from him to Mademoiselle Dugrinet. Even the writer who lives in the attic sends me with manuscripts to their authors; and all this I have to do without getting the *douceur* of a single penny, for that was the agreement made with me by Monsieur Bonneau.'

François was interrupted by the entrance of his master, who, contrary to his custom, seemed in very bad humour. The domestic, from whom his employer had but few secrets, was about to inquire the cause of his dissatisfaction, when M. Biliard came in, and François discreetly retired, certain that, sooner or later, his curiosity would be satisfied.

'Ah!' cried M. Bonneau, addressing his old colleague M. Biliard, 'I'm the most unlucky dog in the whole world!'

'What's the matter?'

'That place of head-clerk in the office, which was justly due to my long services, has been disposed of by favour and intrigue.'

'No great marvel in that,' replied Biliard; 'you must oppose cunning by cunning.'

'That would be neither honourable nor honest,' remarked Bonneau.

'I did not say it would,' retorted his friend; 'I only meant to say it would succeed. In this world, you must fight people with their own weapons.'

'That may do for you,' said Bonneau, 'who don't care how many enemies you make.'

'That's precisely my *forte*,' cried Biliard. 'A man is nothing without enemies. By slandering him, they make his name famous. "This fellow must have something in him," say the world, "or so many would not find it worth while to abuse him." A man without an enemy passes through life a mere zero, unnoticed amongst the vulgar herd.'

'Just like me,' sighed Bonneau.

'You know I have reproved you a thousand times for your excessive kind-heartedness,' said his friend; 'but just now I have something else to think of. This evening, a new comedy of mine is to be acted at the Théâtre-Français; and I have only just received my author's free-tickets. I have no time to distribute them, and must trust to you to do so judiciously. Mind that you send me an efficient set of applauders.'

'Very well,' replied Bonneau, taking the tickets and placing them on his desk.

'After all,' mused our hero, when he was left alone, 'why shouldn't I have enemies as well as other people? They might do me more good than my friends; and, at all events, I'll try to make some, by way of experiment. I'll just begin with the first person I meet. François!'

'What does monsieur please to want?'

'François, I'm going to turn you off.'

'Monsieur will turn me off!' cried François astounded.

'Yes—that is, I mean I'll give you permission to leave my service.'

'Ah! that's another affair,' said the servant joyfully. 'Dear master, how kind you are! You perceived that I wished to hire with Monsieur Biliard, and that I did not know how to name it to you; so you have yourself given me permission to change. I shall never, monsieur, forget your goodness.'

'Here's a pretty business!' exclaimed the surprised master; 'I that thought—— You rascal, do you mean to say that you wish to leave me for Biliard?'

'But monsieur himself'——

'Ungrateful!'

'Dear master, let us understand each other. Are you going to dismiss me, or are you not?'

'Get about your business!' shouted Bonneau, for once in a real passion. François retired, fully persuaded that his master had only meant to try him.

'Come,' thought the clerk of finance, 'this is but a bad beginning. I wanted to make an enemy of the fellow, and he only thanks me for my kindness!' At that moment, Victor, the young artist, entered the room, holding a letter in his hand.

'Ah, monsieur, I beg pardon,' said he, drawing back. 'I thought you had gone out, and I was seeking François.'

'You look agitated, Monsieur Victor. I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred?'

'Only, monsieur, that I'm excessively angry with Monsieur Dugrinet. I could not mount guard this morning, because my grandmother was taken suddenly ill, and had no one to attend her but myself. There happened to be a riot in the street, and our captain, Dugrinet, said to me, in his daughter's presence, that I was afraid to shew myself, and kept out of harm's way. Now, that's a sort of thing I won't bear from any man!'

'Parbleu!' thought Bonneau, 'here's a fine opportunity for me! It won't be difficult to make an enemy of this young fellow. Really,' said he aloud, 'I don't know but your captain is in the right. Every citizen should do his duty.'

'Certainly; but there are other duties as important as those of a citizen. My grandmother has only me—the state has many children.'

'If every one said that, but few would take arms,' remarked Bonneau dryly.

'Every one has not so good a reason as I have.'

'But no one should act so as to incur suspicion.'

Victor's handsome face flushed high.

'What am I to understand by that, Monsieur Bonneau?'

'Whatever you choose.'

'You are impertinent,' said the painter, 'and must give me satisfaction. As I don't want my poor grandmother to be disturbed, the sooner we fight the better; so I will just engage a second, and wait for you in the Bois de Boulogne.'

'Why—what!' said Bonneau, who did not quite relish such sharp practice. 'Monsieur Victor—Monsieur Victor!' But the painter was already gone.

'Well,' thought Bonneau, 'I won't hurt him much. I'll just give him a flesh-wound, which will excite his rancour against me. Biliard will be satisfied when I have a young man of talent for an enemy.' Feeling a very natural reluctance to explain the cause of the duel to any reasonable friend, Bonneau contented himself with engaging François as a second, and desiring him to follow him to the appointed place. The valet thought his master had taken leave of his senses; and before going out, ran to tell the story to the family of M. Dugrinet.

When the clerk and his second arrived on the field, they found Victor and his friend there already. They had brought swords, and immediately began to fight. Bonneau was by far the best swordsman, but, instead of taking advantage of his superiority, he sought to disarm his antagonist without hurting him. In doing

so, however, he inflicted a wound on the young man's hand, and the blood flowed freely.

'What shall I do? You are wounded!' cried the conqueror, more pale than the conquered.

'Tis nothing,' replied Victor; 'let us go on.' But at that moment Monsieur and Madame Dugrinet, with their daughter Agnes, appeared on the field; and the ladies, like two Sabines, rushed between the combatants.

'Stop!' shouted M. Dugrinet; 'sheathe your swords, my friends.' Then turning to Victor, he said: 'I have done you injustice, Monsieur Victor; you are a brave fellow; and, to make you amends, I give you full permission to win my daughter's heart; if, indeed,' he added smiling, 'you have not done so already.'

'Ah, monsieur!' said Victor, 'this is the happiest moment of my life. And you, monsieur,' he added, turning to Bonneau, 'must permit me to reckon you among my best friends. It is to you I owe my felicity.'

'There's more of it,' muttered the clerk to himself. 'I turn off a faithful servant, and he's delighted; I wound a worthy young man with my sword, and he's enchanted beyond measure. What the deuce shall I do? Biliard ought to have given me a recipe for making enemies.'

Meantime the slight wound on Victor's hand was bound up by the slender fingers of Agnes, who, however, we are bound to declare, took unfair advantage of the opportunity to inflict serious injury on the patient's heart. This done, the whole party, at M. Dugrinet's suggestion, adjourned to breakfast at a restaurant, and passed a social morning together. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when Bonneau, returning to his apartment, threw himself into an easy-chair, and began to reflect on his misfortunes.

'No,' thought he, 'I shall never be chief in the office; I'm not wicked enough for that: I have no enemies, and I can't make them. What shall I do?' Happening to look up, he remarked on his desk the free-tickets for the play, which Biliard had given him that morning, and which he had not since found time to distribute.

'The very thing!' cried he. 'Biliard himself shall be my enemy. Nothing more sensitive than the epidermis of a poet. I'll get his comedy well hissed!' He summoned François.

'Go up to the attic, and fetch the writer here.'

'Monsieur has a play or a novel to be copied? Is monsieur about to become an author? In that case, I would much prefer remaining'—

'No comments: call the writer.'

'Monsieur Julien,' said Bonneau when he entered, 'you're acquainted with many dramatic writers, and people who like to see the play gratis?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Well, here are a hundred free-tickets for to-night, which you are to distribute, on condition that the persons taking them must find the comedy detestable, and unite to hiss it down. I shall give you fifty francs for your trouble.'

'Many thanks, monsieur. I shall execute your commission to the very best of my ability.'

Bonneau sat down to dinner, but his kind heart was ill at ease. He had a real affection for his early friend, Biliard, and he could not bear to think of his disappointment. Afterwards he took up a book, but found it impossible to read, for grave doubts as to the rectitude of his actions troubled his conscience. He wished and yet dreaded to hear the step of Biliard, who seldom failed to pay him a visit after the play.

About midnight, the door opened suddenly, and Biliard, rushing in, threw himself into his arms.

'Victory! joy!' he shouted; 'success and triumph over all my rivals! 'Tis to you I owe it all. Ah, Bonneau, a true friend is a precious thing.'

'What's all this?' murmured the astonished clerk.

'How do you owe your success to me?'

'Through your inimitable sagacity in distributing the free-tickets. When the public perceived that all the prominent places were occupied by my declared rivals, envious players and jealous authors, it was immediately rumoured that a league had been made against me, and that same honest public became anxious to defeat it. When the curtain rose, our free-ticket gentry tried to hiss; but they were completely borne down by thunders of applause from gallery, pit, and boxes, and in the end were forced to give in. Before the fifth act, they actually to a man joined in the applause. What a capital hit it was to send them there!'

'It was not I who did it,' said Bonneau faintly. 'I was busy; I gave the tickets to Julien, the writer who occupies the attic.'

'Ah, the worthy fellow!' cried Biliard; 'how well he understood his business!'

Just then they heard the writer's voice outside the door, speaking to François. Biliard called him in to thank him. The poor fellow felt rather uneasy at the result of his exertions, and approaching his employer, whispered: 'Indeed, monsieur, I did what I could. I sent the tickets to Monsieur Biliard's rivals, as if they came from himself; and that ought to have answered. But the public—what can one do against a perverse public?'

'O never mind; it's all right,' said poor Bonneau, dreadfully embarrassed.

The writer withdrew, repeating in an under-tone: 'The public—what can one do against the public?'

Biliard, after again warmly thanking his friend, retired to his own apartment, leaving Bonneau to his reflections.

'There's no use in trying,' he thought; 'a peaceful inoffensive fellow I have been all my life, and a peaceful inoffensive fellow I am doomed to continue. And, after all, is it not better so? Though I have not succeeded in making an enemy, the efforts I have made have hurt my own feelings and wounded my conscience. I'll en pass the rest of my days satisfied with making friends; and I don't see why I shouldn't become a distinguished member of the Peace Congress.' Thereupon our hero betook himself to bed; but ere his eyelids closed, he suddenly started up and exclaimed:

'Dunce that I was to neglect the only infallible method of making enemies!—I forgot to lend money to my friends!'

PILGRIMAGE OF THE HAJI BURTON.

Or the thousands who have been fascinated with those wonderful Arabian tales that have at some time of our lives delighted us all, comparatively few, we believe, have ever fully comprehended the significance of the term haji. We have all read of Haji Baba and of Haji Saad, never dreaming but that these names were as common and as meaningless in the days of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, as John Smith or Thomas Jones are in the reign of Queen Victoria. How little did we think, when

Adown the Tigris we were borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens, green and old—

that the term haji involved more hardship to the devout Mussulman than ever knight of high degree was called upon to suffer for the spurs he prized. We question if either knight or baron bold ever won by his endurance the satisfaction which a son of the Prophet derives from the reflection that he has visited the shrines of Medina and Mecca, and by so doing has swept off his arrears of iniquity and won the title of haji. It was with no purpose of this kind, however,

either penitential or ambitious, that, two years ago, a modern gíaur, Lieutenant Richard F. Burton, of the Bombay army—Haji Burton he is now entitled to be called—performed the pilgrimage to which the true believer looks forward as an epoch in his existence; and not only won the much-prized Eastern honour, but, what to him and to us is much more satisfactory, brought back with him such information regarding the hitherto little known cities of El Medina and Mecca as no European traveller has ever before given us.

Travelling at the instance of the Geographical Society, Mr Burton set about his work in a way altogether novel. In most barbarous and semi-barbarous countries, the European traveller is subjected to inconveniences and dangers, which comparatively few are able to endure and surmount. A passage through the Holy Land of the Moslem is only safe to the born believer or the convert, and even the latter is regarded with an amount of suspicion, and watched with a degree of attention, fatal to any such project as that with which Mr Burton set out. Nature and his long residence in India had, however, done much for him; for his Oriental cast of countenance, and his familiarity with various dialects of Arabia and Persia, gave him immense advantages over the ordinary Eastern traveller. Still, he had no distinct plan as to the disguise he would assume before leaving England in 1852; and it was only at the suggestion of a brother-officer that, at the last hour, he furnished up a dress which hung in his wardrobe, and went on board ship as a Persian prince. This character he kept up with perfect ease until he arrived in Alexandria, and was there subjected to the annoyances connected with the passport-system. Foreseeing that his supposed rank would involve him in many difficulties which might be avoided, he obtained permission to visit any part of Egypt as an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, a dervish and a doctor. In this capacity he set out for Cairo, where, by good-fortune, he became acquainted with a curious little man, a Russian by birth, who, in his wanderings, had completely divested himself of all his national peculiarities, and had even arrived at the point of believing in Allah and his Prophet, but in nothing else. Haji Wali—such was the name of this singular personage—and our pilgrim became fast friends; and the latter profited not a little by the shrewdness and extensive experience of the former. It was at the suggestion of this friend that Mr Burton resolved again to change his character, convinced that it was by no means a safe one to travel in, and aware of the hardships to which he would be subjected if he failed to obtain the confidence of the people with whom he had determined to make himself acquainted. It was after long deliberation about the choice of nations, and after maturely considering all the advantages and disadvantages connected with the various nationalities under the influence of the faith of Islam, that Mr Burton became a Pathan—born of Afghan parents, and sent out to wander in early youth. To do credit to his parentage and birthplace, it was essential that he should be able to speak in the Persian, the Hindostanee, and the Arabic languages, in each of which he could converse freely.

Thus provided with parentage, languages, and a profession, Mr Burton considered himself so far safe. In order, however, thoroughly to keep up the character he had assumed, he endeavoured, while at Cairo, to get into regular practice as a physician. This was no easy matter; for he found that in the East there was no such royal road to medical fame as that along which many of the followers of Esculapius among us march to the sound of their own trumpets. In his capacity of an Indian physician, he could easily resort to charms and spells, when ordinary medical appliances failed, and he thus obtained considerable repute in Cairo. His practice became so extensive, in fact, that it was likely to be a serious obstacle in the

way of the preparations for his journey through the Holy Land. He, accordingly, declined many of the applications made to him, and gave himself privately to the study of Mohammedan theology, and the ritual observances of an orthodox believer. In this work, he was occasionally aided by Haji Wali; while a *shayk*, or teacher, assisted him to master the doctrines of the Shafei school—that branch of Mohammedanism being the least rigorous, and most closely resembling the Persian faith of Shiah, with which he was already in some degree acquainted. The pilgrim's time was not wholly occupied by study, however; he took occasion to extend his knowledge of Eastern manners, by mixing as often as he could with his fellow-lodgers in the caravansary; and we are bound to say that, in at least one instance, he well-nigh forgot his character as a student of theology, and gave himself up too completely to the pleasure of a drinking-bout with an uproarious Albanian captain, who, in his somewhat heady jollity, abused all the descendants of the Pharaohs, and amused himself by knocking down, with his heavy pipe-stick, every person whom he met on the stairs of the dwelling. This caused a great deal of scandal; and when it was known that the sage Pathan physician and student had been hobnobbing with the Albanian, the former was fain to get away from Cairo as fast as possible.

The preparations of the adventurous pilgrim for entering El Hejaz—the Holy Land—were not complete even when he had gone through the laborious and tedious processes to which we have referred. It was not enough that his disguise was such as to baffle the keenest scrutiny, and his proficiency in all the formulas of the Mohammedan faith beyond all question; he had to divest himself of everything that might lead to a suspicion of his being a European. Things which might seem to have been indispensable, knives, scissors, weights, &c., of infidel manufacture, were left behind. Mr Mechi's sublime razors and supernatural strop were doubtless abjured also; for our would-be haji was compelled, by the Oriental horror of hog's-bristles, to substitute a piece of wood, chewed at the end, for a Christian shaving-brush. A pocket-pistol was, of course, altogether out of the question; not even a drinking-cup could be taken, lest it might have been previously defiled by the lips of an unbeliever; and, consequently, a goat-skin water-bag formed the canteen part of the meagre outfit. Warned by the example of a traveller who had preceded him, and who had been well-nigh murdered by the Bedouins, the pilgrim did not burden himself with sketch-books. For bedding and furniture, he provided himself with a coarse Persian rug, which, besides being couch, served as chair, table, and oratory; a blanket for cold weather, and a sheet destined to do duty as a tent, in consort with a huge bright-yellow cotton umbrella. His purse and papers were concealed in a stout leather-belt strapped round his body under the dress; while his medicine-chest—a pea-green box, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day—completed his outfit. He carried with him a few Arabic books of a standard order; judging that, under the pretence of study, he might now and then be able to take notes or sketches on the margin unperceived by his fellow-travellers. Thus equipped, he hired two camels for the sum of ten shillings each, and started for a desert ride of eighty-four miles to Suez.

In his journey across the desert, Mr Burton was so fortunate as to be joined by several persons belonging to El Medina, who were on their return home, and with whom he proceeded in a pilgrim-ship to Yembo, on the Red Sea, experiencing all the discomforts incident to a peculiar mode of travelling with rather a peculiar company of fellow-passengers. Yembo is the port of El Medina, and from it the Haj takes its course for the Holy Cities. It was on the 18th July that Mr Burton, forming one of a party of twelve, passed through the

gate of this little sea-port town, and proceeded due east across a burning desert. Now it was that the greatest hardships and sufferings of the journey were to be endured. The country was 'fantastic in its desolation—a mass of huge hills, barren plains, and desert vales.' The road wound over broken rocky ground, in which even the hardy camel-grass would not grow. Not a bird or a beast could be seen; and it was only now and then that the pilgrims came to spots where, to the intolerable heat of the sun, and the stony ground, was added the plague of locusts and flies. The journey was a painfully tedious one, Mr Burton's fellow-travellers being much given to wrangling and sleeping. Almost all the settlements which Mr Burton saw in his progress through El Hejaz were in a ruinous state—the effect, he thinks, of the old Wahabee and Egyptian wars, and of Turkish misrule. In Arabia, the depopulation of a district cannot be remedied by an influx of strangers, for the land belongs in perpetuity to the survivors of the tribe which has been driven out, and trespass is visited with a bloody revenge. To add to the discomforts of the march to El Medina, reports of celebrated desert-robbers being in the vicinity of the caravan, led to frequent halts and great anxiety, it being supposed that there was no way of escaping from those desperadoes but by sitting still.

At length, however, the pilgrims passed through 'the blessed valley,' which Mr Burton found to be very different from the descriptions given of it by Arab poets; and in half an hour after, they came to a huge flight of steps, roughly cut in a long broad line of black scoriaceous basalt. This was holy ground; for at the top, a full view of the Holy City of the Moslems was obtained. Jaded, hungry, and disgusted as he was, Mr Burton was here called upon to sustain his assumed character, by squatting upon the ground and saluting the city with blessings and prayers to Allah and the Prophet. This part of the orthodox Mohammedan ritual attended to, the caravan entered El Medina, having taken more than eight days to travel over little more than 130 miles. And here Mr Burton's endeavours to emulate his companions in their devout enthusiasm were so successful as to enable him, unperceived, to make a rough sketch of the city as he rode slowly along behind the others. Remarkable even from the spot at which the first view of the place is obtained, are the four tall substantial towers, and the flashing green dome under which rest the remains of Mohammed. This spot, the Masjid-el-Nabawi, or the Prophet's Mosque, was, of course, the object of Mr Burton's special interest; and after a short stay at the house of one of his travelling-companions, during which he performed the great ablution, and went through all the usual preparatory ceremonies, he arrayed himself in white clothes, and was ready to make the *ziyarat*, or visitation. There is a tradition that Mohammed gave his followers to understand, that one prayer in his mosque at El Medina would be more efficacious than a thousand in other places, save only the Masjid-el-Haram at Mecca. The latter is the second of the three places regarded by the Moslem as the most sacred places in the world; the third being the Masjid-el-Aksa of Jerusalem, the peculiar place of Solomon. It is the duty of every true believer, after he has made the visitation, to pray five times a day in the Prophet's Mosque as long as he remains in El Medina. Mr Burton does not inform us whether he proved himself to be a faithful son of Islam to the extent required; but he made the best use of his eyes in his first visit to the mosque. As a matter of course, it did not come up to his expectations: scarcely any celebrated place realises the ideas previously formed of it. The 'sacred edifice at El Medina, however, is seen under many disadvantages, for the approach is choked by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy enceinte. There is no outer front,

no general aspect of the mosque. The more I looked at it,' continues Mr Burton, 'the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art—a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.' The reader of Burckhardt—who gained admission into El Medina, but was not able to correct all the mistakes that prevailed respecting the Holy Places—need not, of course, be told that the Prophet's Mosque has undergone great changes, having been thrown down, burned, and repeatedly pillaged. The votive-offerings of the great caliphs added greatly to its splendour; but since it was last burned, it has never regained its ancient magnificence.

The person who for the first time approaches the Prophet's Sepulchre as a religious devotee is called a *zair*, and he must provide himself with a *muzawwir*, or conductor. Mr Burton's host was his conductor; and, accompanied by him, he proceeded to perambulate the building slowly, and with his hands in the position of prayer—that is, placed a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left. During the ceremony, he lost no opportunity of noting the position of the more remarkable features of the place; and he was subsequently enabled to make a plan of the *Haram*, or Mosque, marking the course taken by pilgrim-visitors, the situation of the Prophet's Well, and his Pulpit; El Rawyah, or the Garden; the window through which the Angel Gabriel descended with revelations to Mohammed; the Weeping Pillar; the Pillar of Repentance; the Pillar of the Fugitives; and Ayesha's Pillar. The peculiarly Holy Place no one is permitted to enter; and, consequently, Mr Burton could only describe its external parts and its general features, so far as he was enabled to judge of them from the plan of the building. This place is enclosed within the Prophet's Garden, which is quite an artificial affair, laid with flowered carpets, decorated with green tiles, gaudy arabesques, and candelabra of cut-crystal, the work of a London glass-cutter. At night, when lit up by many lamps, hung from the roof, this part of the mosque has, altogether, a strange and rather impressive appearance; but Mr Burton considered it tawdry and dull by day. The *Hujrah*, or chamber of Ayesha, the Prophet's wife, and the room in which he died, is a large irregular square, in the south-east corner of the building, and separated on all sides from the mosque by a broad passage; in this is the mausoleum, enclosed within a double railing. A dark passage separates the outer railing from the inner one; and behind the latter hangs the curtain that screens from mortal gaze the tombs of Mohammed, Abubekir, and Omar, and the vacant place which is said to be reserved for Isa bin Maryam, or the son of Mary, after his second advent. To a window—the most sacred of three—Mr Burton was allowed to approach; but he was closely watched, lest, by dropping anything through the aperture, he might pollute the sacred place within. Straining his eyes, he saw a set of hangings with three inscriptions, informing readers that within were laid Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is distinguished by a large rosary of pearls and a star, described by the faithful as composed of diamonds and pearls—'a jewel of the jewels of paradise'; but presenting to Mr Burton's eyes the appearance of an old-fashioned flat cut-crystal stopper for a decanter.

Great differences of opinion have always prevailed respecting the tomb of Mohammed. Some have asserted that when the wind blows back the curtain, the form of a block of marble may be seen; others maintain that the three tombs are within a building of black stones, that they are deeply sunk in the ground, and that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony covered with silver. But the fact is, no one knows anything of the matter. When the curtain requires to be

renewed, the work is done in the night by men whose eyes are bound, and who would not dare to turn their faces towards the spot on which no mortal is allowed to gaze. Stories are of course told of extraordinary spectacles having been witnessed by those who were compelled, in the discharge of duty, to approach the sacred place; and it is believed that the original mausoleum has survived all the burning and pillaging which the mosque has sustained. A celebrated Moslem writer, El Saman-hudi, quoted by Burckhardt, professed to have visited the place in the year of the Hegira 911, after it had been destroyed by lightning, and maintains that, although the position of the Prophet's tomb had then been discovered with difficulty, nothing was to be seen within it.

The present head of El Islam was rebuilding one of the five minarets of the Prophet's Mosque when Mr Burton was at El Medina; but it is probable that the work will now be stopped, as the sultan has need to avail himself of the treasure which is said to be kept there for the exigencies of the faith, rather than disburse even for a purpose so important as this. The establishment attached to the Holy Places of El Medina includes functionaries of all kinds, each anxious, of course, to extract as much as he can from pilgrims. The 'visitation' of the mosque is by no means an easy matter; for in addition to the aghas, who set upon the devotee as he issues from the gates, and demand their fees in rather an arrogant tone, there are beggars of all kinds sitting upon the mosaic pavements, dodging about the passages, and seizing him at every turn. The women are particularly importunate at Fatimah's Tomb; and Mr Burton had to pay double what he intended before he could shake himself clear of lame, blind, ulcerated, and dirty believers.

The Prophet's City, Medinet-el-Nabi, or, as it is usually called for brevity, Medina, the City, stands upon the great plateau which forms Central Arabia. The district around it, twelve miles in circumference, is a sanctuary where life—except that of the invader, the infidel, and the sacrilegious—is sacred, and where all immorality is strictly forbidden. There are mosques, identified with Mohammed and his immediate successors; wells from which the Prophet drank, or which he sweetened by expectoration; and gardens which he loved, in the vicinity—all of which the *zafir* or pilgrim is expected to visit. At Jebel Ohod, the grave of Aaron is pointed out at the Mosque of Hamzah, the Prophet's uncle, slain in battle—the lord of martyrs. It is believed that the souls of the faithful sit in spiritual converse, and require to be warned of the approach of mortals by the snapping of padlocks and the shaking of chains; while at El Bakia, 100,000 saints, with faces like full-moons, are expected to arise when Mohammed reappears on the earth. All those places were entered by our pilgrim with his right foot foremost, and at each of them he prayed with true Islamitish fervour.

There are few public buildings in El Medina; but the houses generally are well built, flat-roofed, and double-storied—the best of them situated in courts or gardens, where fountains and date-trees gladden the eyes. Mr Burton assumes the population to be about 16,000, composed of offshoots from every Mohammedan nation, pilgrims frequently remaining, finding employment, and resolving to die there with a view to the spiritual advantages arising from interment in the vicinity of the Prophet's resting-place. The citizens are a favoured race, exempt from taxation, and doing little. The trade is chiefly in grain, and there is an active business carried on with the Bedouins in tobacco, dried fruits, and sweetmeats. Fruit-trees are extensively cultivated, and abound in great variety. The date-trees of El Medina have long been celebrated throughout the East, and Mr Burton considers them worthy of their celebrity. There are sixty or seventy different

kinds, the finest yielding fruit about two inches long, which is packed in skins or flat boxes, and sent as presents to the remoter parts of the Moslem world. The fruit of the sacred date-trees that grow in the Garden of Fatimah, is sent to the sultan and the chiefs of Islam every year, and one species is eaten, but not sold. Dates seem to be a staple article of diet with the Madani. They luxuriate in them, as an Irishman does in potatoes. The fruit is prepared in a variety of ways, and medicine is made from it. Cookery in El Medina seems to have borrowed something from all parts of the world; but one of the greatest luxuries of the people is clarified butter. If a man cannot take a large dish of this with some fried meat swimming in it, his stomach is supposed to be in a bad state, and medicine is at once recommended. Provisions of all kinds are dear, and in the visitation season the price of everything is doubled. Yet the citizens, though always in debt to some one, contrive to live well, and to enjoy themselves, so far as the limitations of their faith will allow.

While Mr Burton was at El Medina, the war was discussed by the elders of Islam sitting on their mats, with their pipes in their mouths, just as the same subject was being talked over by the elders of the Carlton or the United Service Club, seated with Turkey-carpet under their feet, and soothing themselves with the fumes of the mild Havana. Different views were taken, of course; but, after all, the veterans of El Medina talked of what was going on in the Crimea just as the veterans of London talked—that was, as they felt, and as they wished matters to turn out. 'The sultan had ordered the czar to become a Mohammedan. The czar had sued for peace, and offered tribute and fealty; but the sultan had exclaimed: "No, by Allah! El Islam!"' And so, while the *Incavide Russe* was making appeals to Muscovite fanaticism against the followers of the False Prophet and their allies, they who sat in the shadow of that Prophet's burial-place were having their way of the matter, and were settling it in a more summary and thorough manner than could be done on the basis of the Four Points, then being discussed at Vienna and elsewhere; for they, with a remembrance of the exploits of the fiery Omar and the heroic Ali, were convinced that Abdul-Medjid would dispose of Moscow in a very short time; and the Pathan pilgrim had the satisfaction of learning, that the next move of that tremendous potentate would be against the idolators of Feringistan in general—the English, the French, and the Greeks sharing the fate of the Muscovites. So much for faith and politics.

While the male portion of the Madani are engaged either in discussing politics, in looking after their interests in connection with the mosque and the pilgrims who visit it, or when they are enjoying that rest which Orientals alone seem thoroughly to appreciate, the females employ themselves in domestic matters—chiefly, Mr Burton thinks, in scolding 'Hasnah' and 'Zaferan'—their female slaves—an occupation in which they are not surpassed by any exasperated housewife in Christendom. Black slave-girls perform the duties of maids-of-all-work, and they cost from 50 to 100 dollars, according to their accomplishments. Dress, of course, occupies a good deal of the attention of the ladies of El Medina, as in all other parts of the world. They dress handsomely in a bodice, a wide white skirt with sleeves of enormous length, and the *tarwal*, or pantaloons, which are not wide like those worn in some other parts of the East, but so tight as to shew the form. The women all dye the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands black; and they delight in ornaments and perfumes.

The Madani are a travelling people. They live chiefly by travel and travellers. Each male inhabitant takes his turn in applying to the Mudir-el-Haram, or

principal officer of the mosque, for a paper, styled a honorarium, which entitles him to a sum of money at Constantinople according to his rank. Those whose turn it is to remain at home, look forward with much interest, of course, to the arrival of the caravans with which their begging relatives return. While Mr Burton was at El Medina, the great caravan which comes from Damascus every year arrived in the outskirts of the town, and created an immense sensation. It had been anxiously expected, for it brought a new curtain for the Prophet's Mosque; and, being behind its ordinary time of arrival, it was feared that the Bedouin robbers might have plundered it and massacred the pilgrims. All arrived in safety, however; and when Mr Burton looked out in the early morning upon what had been a dusty waste the night previous, 'the eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another; for in one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the harem, to its neighbour, the little green *roulie* of the tobacco-seller. Huge white Syrian dromedaries, jingling large bells; gorgeous litters borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed she-dromedaries, and clinging to their hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurdish horsemen, fierce-looking in their mirth; fainting Persian pilgrims; sherbet-sellers and ambulant tobaccoists crying their goods; devout hajis jolting one another, running under camels' legs, and tumbling over tent-ropes, in their eagerness to reach the mosque; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit-vendors, fighting over their bargains; a well-mounted party of old Arab Shaykhs, preceded by their varlets, performing the *arrah*, or war-dance—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their duck-guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-coloured rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears, tufted with ostrich-feathers, high in the air, reckless where they fell; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against each other, and there the low moaning of some poor wretch who is seeking a shady corner in which to die.'

With this motley company our pilgrim quitted El Medina for Mecca, his friends in the former city praying that Allah might make the journey 'easy' to him—a petition which must be regarded as exceedingly appropriate, considering the character of his fellow-travellers, and the fact that the great caravan was to proceed down the Darb-el-Sharki, where no water would be seen for more than three days. We only know that Mr Burton reached Mecca in safety, and that, having performed the haj completely, he is fully entitled to all the benefits which he may derive from being recognised as a haji. While we wait for a detailed account of his observations and experiences at Mecca, we may close our review of his pilgrimage with a brief notice of those who have preceded him, and from whom, though they have given us but a very imperfect idea of the sacred places of Islam, we derive some little information. Mr Burton is in reality the first European who has been able, in anything like an independent fashion, to visit the cities which every Moslem regards with veneration. In 1503, a Roman gentleman, named Ludovico Bartema, reached Mecca in the train of a Mameluke, after having had to fight the Arabs by the way, and being saved from many dangers through the romantic interest which a certain fair Moslemah took in him. He compiled a brief account of his adventures. A sailor, named Joseph Pitts, was the only Englishman who preceded Mr Burton; but he visited both Mecca

and Medina as a *bona-fide* Moslem, his conversion to the faith of the Prophet having been effected by an Algerine pirate, by whom he was made prisoner, and who, thinking to cover his multitude of sins by compelling a Christian to be circumcised, bastinadoed poor Joseph until he held up his finger in token of his conviction that there was force in the arguments of his master. Burckhardt, who was too ill to avail himself of his opportunities while in El Hejaz, was the next European; and if we add Tinati, an Italian, who wrote his account from memory, and wrote, as Mr Burton thinks, very incorrectly; M. Bertolucci, the Swedish consul at Cairo; and Dr Wallin, a Fin, both of whom were put in too much jeopardy to be considered authorities, we exhaust the catalogue of travellers in the Holy Land of the Moslem. Poor Pitts is the only one who has given a reliable account of Mecca. While there, he obtained his liberty, and from thence contrived to escape, having latterly suffered from great remorse of conscience for his abjuration of Christianity. His narrative was written in 1680; and although 170 years must undoubtedly effect great changes on most cities, his description of Mecca and its great temple will probably be found by Mr Burton to be correct in its main features. Meanwhile, we shall wait until our modern English haji has completed the record of his pilgrimage. If his description of Mecca is equal in fulness and interest to the volumes he has written, the Geographical Society may be congratulated on the result of his daring achievement; and the public will be prepared, we think, to acknowledge its obligations to him for an extended knowledge of a quarter of the world hitherto so little known.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Messrs Calvert and Johnson have taken up the subject of alloys, wherein they have a wide and comparatively neglected field of investigation; and yet one of great importance in our metallic manufactures. Unless mixed in definite proportions, some parts of the metal, when cast, will solidify before others, and prevent its homogeneity. 'It is,' they say, 'to avoid this serious evil that bronze-cannon are cooled at the present day shortly after being cast, so as to keep the mass as uniform as possible; and the result has been, that instead of having, as formerly, one-third of the bronze pieces of ordnance defective, now only about one-tenth are so.' It will be a surprise to many, who believe our manufactures in metal to be all but perfection, to know that so much remains to be done, or, rather, that so little has been done, in the matter of alloys. One of the mixtures experimented on was iron and bitartrate of potash, concerning which we are told 'this alloy had all the appearance of malleable iron, and could be forged and welded; but what was very extraordinary, and which much surprised us,' say the authors, 'was its extreme hardness; so much so, that at natural temperatures it was hardly dented when hammered with a heavy sledge-hammer, and was barely affected by the file. But it rusts rapidly; an unfortunate result;' 'for,' to quote again, 'if, by alloying with a metal more electro-positive than itself, we had succeeded in obtaining an alloy of iron not oxidisable, we should have discovered a most valuable fact for manufactures; one which has occupied so deeply the thoughts of all those connected with such improvements.' These are promising experiments; and we assist in giving them publicity the more gladly, as we believe that further inquiry will make up for first failures. We must not, however, omit to mention, that Messrs Calvert and Johnson have obtained some determinate results, and established 'that alloys

having a definite composition offer a most extraordinary resistance to the action of acids.'

The operations for the manufacture of aluminum have been carried on with such successful diligence, that some further particulars concerning that singular metal are now available. As is pretty generally known, the metal is formed by decomposing the chloride of aluminum with sodium. When the experiments were first commenced by M. Deville, sodium cost 1000 francs the kilogramme, which made the same weight of aluminum worth 3000 francs. Now, the cost of producing a kilogramme of the metal is about 30 francs, and will probably soon be lessened. The sodium is prepared with carbonate of soda, chalk, and pulverised coal, carefully mixed and calcined to a red heat; and 'numerous trials have shewn that sodium may be kept in fusion in contact with the air without inflaming;' a fact of which chemists will know how to appreciate the value.

Pure aluminum, when rolled or hammered, becomes as hard as iron. It does not oxidise, even at a red heat. Aluminum, moreover, is sonorous, and has a fine quality of tone; and a Parisian clockmaker has used it for the works of a time-piece, and finds it preferable to brass for delicate mechanism. Now, that the metal can be produced in large quantities, and at a very cheap rate, we may expect to see it beneficially applied in the industrial arts.

A rather curious question has been raised in practical acoustics, one in which musicians will be interested, as it is on the rise of the diapason of orchestras. It appears that the *la* at the beginning of last century corresponded to 810 vibrations per second, while at present the number is 898 vibrations. Well-known facts in the history of music in France shew the rise to have taken place mainly within the past thirty years; and as it is nearly a semitone in amount, we see a reason for the remark that tenor-voices are becoming scarce. Owing to the desire for making wind-instruments as small and as light as possible, and to the improvement in the manufacture of strings, which renders them stronger, and other causes, there is constant tendency towards a rise of the diapason. To check this tendency, and to establish a diapason that shall be accepted as a uniform standard, Professor Lissajous, of the College of St Louis, at Paris, suggests that an international congress shall be held to settle the question. He thinks the *la* now used at the Conservatoire might very well be adopted as the standard.

The subject of ventilation being considered one of first-rate importance, especially as regards matters sanitary, we may very properly call attention to Dr Chowne's 'Experimental Researches on the Movement of Atmospheric Air in Tubes,' communicated to the Royal Society. He finds that in a tube open at both ends, placed upright in a room screened from the direct rays of the sun, and in which the air is perfectly quiescent, there is always an upward current; and this current is sufficiently strong to turn a light horizontal disk of paper, suspended within the upper orifice of the tube. This may appear incredible; but as every cranny in the room was carefully closed, as the door was double, and the joints of the inner one covered with list, there remains no reason to doubt the fact. The longer the tubes, the more rapid was the revolution of the disks; and a similar effect was produced by increasing the diameter of the lower part of the tube so as to give it a conoidal form. Differences in the rate of velocity were observed as the temperature of the day altered from sunrise to sunset; the exclusion of light caused a retardation; and placing a shallow vessel containing strong sulphuric acid beneath the tube, so as to abstract the aqueous vapour, produced an entire stoppage of the disk after the lapse of thirty minutes. To test the effect on the whole atmosphere

of the room, three bushels of quicklime were spread in shallow vessels on the floor. The rotation stopped in the smallest tube at the end of fifty minutes; and after ninety minutes, it had all but ceased in the largest. Increasing the quantity of aqueous vapour by spreading damp cloths on the floor, produced an opposite effect; there was a small increase in the rapidity of the rotations.

Lords Overstone and Monteagle, and Mr Hubbard, governor of the Bank of England, have been appointed a commission 'for considering how far it may be practicable and advisable to introduce the principle of decimal division into the coinage of the United Kingdom.' So we may hope that a decision, either for or against, will be come to before many months are over. And who is there in these days does not wish it to be in the affirmative? It is considered a recommendation of M. Lissajous's proposal above mentioned, that it connects itself with the decimal system as established in France.—Two more little planets have been discovered; one by the astronomers at Paris, to which Le Verrier has given the name of *Atalanta*; the other at the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, and named *Fides*. There are now thirty-seven on the list of these tiny worlds.—In London and the suburbs, there are now nine Schools of Design in connection with the government Department of Science and Art: and the Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, Westminster, is to be open during the coming year to 100 students from Marlborough House, government to pay a consideration of L.100.—The Suez Canal, and the tunnel from Dover to Calais, are again talked about, and with the addition of florid prospectuses from sanguine projectors. We fancy that even sea-sick passengers would not be willing to exchange a steamer for twenty miles of tunnel. There is a scheme, also, for a suspension-bridge at Scutari, and for a railway from Constantinople to Belgrade.—An 'African Company' is being formed to develop still more the palm-oil trade of the western coast of Africa, and to open, if possible, a trade in the perennial cotton which grows in those latitudes.—The wires from England to Holland being too few for the increasing business, the Electric and International Company have sunk another 119 miles of cable from Orfordness to Scheveningen. The operation was accomplished without accident in twenty-one hours.—One of the Indian mail-steamer has made the passage from Bombay to Aden, in the teeth of a south-west monsoon, in ten days four hours: the shortest yet. The practice had been during the prevalence of the winds which blow furiously from May to August, for the vessels to run far out to sea before making for their port; but now, by steering at once for the Persian Gulf, and then coasting along under the land, it is found that the passage can be shortened by two or three days: no unimportant consideration in these times of quick travelling and stirring politics.—We learn, by accounts from India, that the uniform half-anna rate of postage promises to be quite successful. The number of letters transmitted had increased 50 per cent.; and the loss of revenue, instead of being L.90,000, as was estimated, was expected not to be L.40,000, and might prove to be nothing. Prepayment is becoming the rule among the natives, instead of being the exception as formerly; and the number of letters in the year was 18,000,000.—A new propeller for steamers has been tried at Liverpool: in form it resembles a spade, and being always maintained in a perpendicular position, whether rising or falling, it lifts no water, and so obviates that standing objection to paddle-wheels.—An inventor offers, by a plan of his own, to lower a ship's boat single-handed, under any circumstances.—The Australian ship *Schomberg* has been fitted with a foreyard made of iron. It is tubular, 96 feet long, 75 inches greatest circumference, and weighs 4 tons; less than

half the weight of a wooden-yard. It is said that the owners intend to introduce iron-yards in all their ships.—We hear that steel-bells and steel-cannon are being cast at Sheffield. The largest ingot yet made was prepared for an 18-pounder; it was 6 feet long, and 17½ inches diameter. The gun, when finished, is not to weigh more than 25 hundredweights. We are told that 'cast steel is six times the strength of cast iron, and twice the strength of the malleable iron in use among the Russians. It is also much less liable to granulate and become weak and useless.' And to conclude with another war item: a statement has been published concerning the 1300 huts for the Crimea made at Gloucester, shewing that in their construction were used 9535 cubic feet of timber; 330,050 superficial feet of weather-boards; 675 miles of fillets to cover the joints; 44 tons of iron hoop to bind the lots together for shipment. The 3-inch joists, laid end to end, would extend 332 miles, and the weather-board would cover 80 square acres; and this irrespective of the huts shipped from other ports.

NATURE CONSOLES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

NATURE consoles us when Mankind
Compel the wounded heart to leave
Society, where, taught to grieve,
Strange light breaks in upon the mind.

We see by it that hope was vain
To find, where most we trusted, love;
That sympathy—like clouds that move
In wind—denies its soothing rain.

We look for tears and gentle words
From those whose griefs have from us won
Pity and tender actions, thrown
Like grain to strengthen famished birds.

We look, expecting some return
Of kindness for kind cares bestowed;
But no hand helps to stir the load
'Neath which our spirits faint and burn.

But, when distressed by many cares,
Vexed by changed natures and deceit,
I flee to quench my spirit's heat
From Man to Nature's quiet lairs!

The mountain's top brings peace to me,
Where wild thyme makes a fragrant bed;
The lark sings gaily o'er my head,
And down, far down, the world I see.

Above are smiling skies—below,
All that embitters bosoms torn
By the dire conflict, ever born
Of dark necessity and wo!

I look above, and there behold
No dimness, save a passing cloud;
I gaze below, and through a shroud
See the grim corpse of Friendship cold.

Traffic, Ambition, Falsehood, Show—
These form dark threads in life's great web;
Oh! could I only watch the ebb
Of the world's tide, nor with it go!

At other times the beach I seek,
Where, plunging in, the surge receives
My fevered form, whilst Ocean leaves
Its cooling kisses on my cheek.

Breasting the waters pure and free,
I swim—I dive—a fish, a bird:
No sound save sighing billows heard,
No thoughts save those of liberty!

The Ocean's myriad lips console
My heart with one huge kiss, and through
My feeble frame send vigour new,
With hopes as new o'er mind and soul.

Oh! ever thus, kind Heaven, convey
Relief, instruction, peace, to me;
On skyey cliff, or by the sea,
When smiles on human lips decay!

Oh! ever thus, when sickness takes
Away my health and strength, recall,
By communings with Nature, all
The better thoughts God's love awakes!

That I, from stumbling in the dark,
Reproaches on my lips, may go
Quietly beneath God's sunshine—slow,
But sure, and singing like the lark.

Singing of peace unto my soul,
Of trust in Him from whom—like dews
Upon the herbs—it came; glad news
Of joys beyond Earth's dark control!

RAT RACES.

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe, he makes historical eras. Different hordes of invaders brought their peculiar rat in their train. Europe has seen the rat of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. Europe now has its Norman rat and its Tatar rat; and the great rat of the Parisian sewer, is of recent date and Muscovite origin. The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norman rat, has established itself all over the world by the commerce of civilised times—it has had possession of France for the last six or seven centuries; but within the last, it has found its master in the Muscovite and Tatar rat, called in Paris the rat of Montfaucon. These new rats, previously unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the great central plateau of Asia, from which the Hun and Mongol horsemen descended, who spread right and left, and took possession of Rome on the one hand and Peking on the other. The establishment of the Muscovite rat in France commenced with the extirpation of the brown or Norman rat; that rat has almost disappeared, and is found only in the cabinets of the curious collectors—while the Muscovite rat is daily increasing in size, ferocity, and courage. The Russian rat devours the dog, the cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of a man is a dainty for this beast, and it always commences by eating out the eyes. Its tooth is most venomous; and the author from whom we derive most of this article, states that he has known of ten cases of amputation of the leg, necessitated by the bite of this rat. The cat turns tail upon this rat, in its most ferocious state. A good rat-terrier is the best destroyer; but, fortunately, rats are ratophagous, eat one another, fight duels, indulge in broils and intestine feuds, and grand destructive battles. Were it otherwise, they would make this world an unpleasant place for man to live in. We should have to fight our way, and not unfrequently, like the Archbishop of Mayence, should be dragged from our beds at midnight by an army of rats, and devoured upon the spot. The rat is the emblem of misery, murder, and rapine—a cannibal and a robber—devoted to the principle of war and spoliation. Will it ever disappear?—*Hartford (U. S.) Courant.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to remind our correspondents, that we do not hold ourselves at all responsible for the safety of manuscripts sent to us for inspection.

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